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**THE SERVICE EDITION
OF
THE WORKS OF
RUDYARD KIPLING**

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS
AND OTHER VERSES
VOL. I

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

AND OTHER VERSES

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I



METHUEN AND CO., LTD.
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PREFACE

The greater part of the 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' as well as 'Cleared,' 'Evarra,' 'The Explanation,' 'The Conundrum,' 'Tomlinson,' and the 'English Flag' have appeared in the 'National Observer.' Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have kindly given me permission to reproduce four ballads contributed to their Magazine, and I am indebted to the 'St. James's Gazette' for a like courtesy in regard to the ballads of the 'Clampherdown' and 'Bolivar,' and the 'Imperial Rescript.' 'The Rhyme of the Three Captains' was printed first in the 'Athenæum.' I fancy that most of the other verses are new.

RUDYARD KIPLING

TO
WOLCOTT BALESTIER

R. K.

*Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness
hurled—*

*Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled—
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and
made our world.*

*They are purged of pride because they died, they know the
worth of their bays,
They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the Gods of the
Elder Days,
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's
praise.*

*'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's
outposts are,
Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes
out to war,
Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-
maned star.*

*They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth—they dare not
grieve for her pain—
They know of toil and the end of toil, they know God's law
is plain,
So they whistle the Devil to make them sport who know that
Sin is vain.*

*And oft-times cometh our wise Lord God, master of every
trade,
And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens newly made;
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen un-
afraid.*

*To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust
and Shame—
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped
to Fame,
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit
came.*

*He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of
Earth—
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.*

*So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet board—the Strong Men
ranged thereby,
Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear
to die.*

*Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness
hurled,
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served
His world.*

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To T. A.

I HAVE made for you a song,
And it may be right or wrong,
But only you can tell me if it's true ;
I have tried for to explain
Both your pleasure and your pain,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you .

O there'll surely come a day
When they'll give you all your pay,
And treat you as a Christian ought to do ;
So, until that day comes round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you !
R. K.

DANNY DEEVER

‘**W**HAT are the bugles blowin’ for?’ said
Files-on-Parade.

‘To turn you out, to turn you out,’ the Colour-Sergeant said.

‘What makes you look so white, so white?’ said
Files-on-Parade.

‘I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,’ the
Colour-Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you
can hear the Dead March play,

The regiment’s in ’ollow square—they’re
hangin’ him to-day ;

They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut
his stripes away,

An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

‘What makes the rear-rank breathe so ’ard?’
said Files-on-Parade.

‘It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,’ the Colour-
Sergeant said.

‘What makes that front-rank man fall down?’
says Files-on-Parade.

‘A touch o’ sun, a touch o’ sun,’ the Colour-
Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deeever, they are
marchin’ of ’im round,

They ’ave ’alted Danny Deeever by ’is
coffin on the ground ;

An’ ’e’ll swing in ’arf a minute for a
sneakin’ shootin’ hound—

O they’re hangin’ Danny Deeever in the
mornin’ !

‘’Is cot was right-’and cot to mine,’ said Files-on-
Parade.

‘’E’s sleepin’ out an’ far to-night,’ the Colour-
Sergeant said.

DANNY DEEVER

‘ I ’ve drunk ’is beer a score o’ times,’ said Files-on-Parade.

‘ ’E ’s drinkin’ bitter beer alone,’ the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deeever, you must
mark ’im to ’is place,

For ’e shot a comrade sleepin’—you must
look ’im in the face ;

Nine ’undred of ’is county an’ the regi-
ment’s disgrace,

While they ’re hangin’ Danny Deeever in
the mornin’.

‘ What ’s that so black agin the sun ? ’ said Files-on-Parade.

‘ It ’s Danny fightin’ ’ard for life,’ the Colour-Sergeant said.

‘ What ’s that that whimpers over’ead ? ’ said Files-on-Parade.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

'It's Danny's soul that's passin' now,' the
Colour-Sergeant said.

For they 're done with Danny Deever, you
can 'ear the quickstep play,

The regiment's in column, an' they 're
marchin' us away ;

Ho ! the young recruits are shakin', an'
they 'll want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

TOMMY

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o'
beer,

The publican 'e up an' sez, 'We serve no red-
coats here.'

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled
fit to die,

I outs into the street again an' to myself
sez I :

O it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Tommy, go away' ;

But it 's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when
the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the band
begins to play,

O it 's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when
the band begins to play.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none
for me ;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-
'alls,

But when it comes to fightin', Lord ! they 'll
shove me in the stalls !

For it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Tommy, wait outside' ;

But it 's ' Special train for Atkins ' when
the trooper 's on the tide,

The troopship 's on the tide, my boys, the
troopship 's on the tide,

O it 's ' Special train for Atkins ' when the
trooper 's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you
while you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they 're star-
vation cheap ;

TOMMY

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they 're goin'
large a bit

Is five times better business than paradin' in full
kit.

Then it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' ' Tommy, 'ow 's yer soul ? '

But it 's ' Thin red line of 'eroes ' when the
drums begin to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, the
drums begin to roll,

O it 's ' Thin red line of 'eroes ' when the
drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no
blackguards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like
you ;

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
paints,

Why, single men in barricks don't grow into
plaster saints ;

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

While it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' ' Tommy, fall be'ind,'
But it 's ' Please to walk in front, sir,' when
there 's trouble in the wind,
There 's trouble in the wind, my boys,
there 's trouble in the wind,
O it 's ' Please to walk in front, sir,' when
there 's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an'
fires, an' all :

We 'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove
it to our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's
disgrace.

For it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
' Chuck him out, the brute ! '

But it 's ' Saviour of 'is country ' when the
guns begin to shoot ;

TOMMY

An' it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
anything you please ;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet
that Tommy sees !

‘FUZZY-WUZZY’

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

WE ’VE fought with many men acrost the
seas,

An’ some of ’em was brave an’ some was
not :

The Paythan an’ the Zulu an’ Burmese ;

But the Fuzzy was the finest o’ the lot.

We never got a ha’porth’s change of ’im :

’E squatted in the scrub an’ ’ocked our ’orses,

’E cut our sentries up at *Suakim*,

An’ ’e played the cat an’ banjo with our forces.

So ’ere ’s *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
’ome in the Soudan ;

You ’re a pore benighted ’cathen but a
first-class fightin’ man ;

‘ FUZZY-WUZZY ’

We gives you your certificate, an’ if you
want it signed
We ’ll come an’ ’ave a romp with you
whenever you ’re inclined.

We took our chanst among the Khyber ’ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
An’ a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style :
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us
swaller ;
We ’eld our bloomin’ own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us
’oller.
Then ’ere ’s *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an’ the
missis and the kid ;
Our orders was to break you, an’ of course
we went an’ did.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't
'ardly fair ;
But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz,
you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e 's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded sword :
When 'e 's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
So 'ere 's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your
friends which are no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would
'elp you to deplore ;
But give an' take 's the gospel, an' we 'll
call the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you
crumpled up the square !

‘FUZZY-WUZZY’

’E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An’, before we know, ’e ’s ’ackin’ at our ’ead ;
’E ’s all ’ot sand an’ ginger when alive,
An’ ’e ’s gencrally shammin’ when ’c ’s dead.
’E ’s a daisy, ’c ’s a ducky, ’c ’s a lamb !
’E ’s a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
’E ’s the on’y thing that doesn’t give a damn
For a Regiment o’ British Infantee !
So ’ere ’s *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
’ome in the Soudan ;
You ’re a pore benighted ’eathen but a
first-class fightin’ man ;
An’ ’ere ’s *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your
’ayrick ’ead of ’air—
You big black boundin’ beggar—for you
broke a British square !

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

‘SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,
‘Why don’t you march with my true
love?’

‘We’re fresh from off the ship an’ ‘e’s maybe
give the slip,

‘An’ you’d best go look for a new love.’

New love! True love!

Best go look for a new love,

The dead they cannot rise, an’ you’d
better dry your eyes,

An’ you’d best go look for a new love.

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

‘What did you see o’ my true love?’

‘I seed ‘im serve the Queen in a suit o’ rifle-green,

‘An’ you’d best go look for a new love.’

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

' Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
' Did ye see no more o' my true love ? '
' I sced 'im runnin' by when the shots begun
to fly—
' But you 'd best go look for a new love.'

' Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
' Did aught take 'arm to my true love ? '
' I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay so
white—
' An' you 'd best go look for a new love.'

' Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
' I 'll up an' tend to my true love ! '
' 'E 's lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is
'cad,
' An' you 'd best go look for a new love.'

' Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
' I 'll down an' die with my true love ! '

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

'The pit we dug 'll 'ide 'im an' the twenty men
beside 'im—

'An' you 'd best go look for a new love.'

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

'Do you bring no sign from my true love ?'

'I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to wear,

'An' you 'd best go look for a new love.'

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,

'O then I know it 's true I 've lost my true love !'

'An' I tell you truth again—when you 've lost the
feel o' pain

'You 'd best take me for your true love.'

True love ! New love !

Best take 'im for a new love,

The dead they cannot rise, an' you 'd
better dry your eyes,

An' you 'd best take 'im for your true love.

SCREW-GUNS

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin'
the mornin' cool,

I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule,

With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a
beggar forgets

It 's only the pick of the Army that handles the
dear little pets—'Tss ! 'Tss !

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-
guns they all love you !

So when we call round with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—hoo !
hoo !

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it 's
worse if you fights or you runs :

You can go where you please, you can skid
up the trees, but you don't get away
from the guns !

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

They sends us along where the roads are, but
mostly we goes where they ain't :
We 'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust
to the stick o' the paint :
We 've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we 've give
the Afreedceman fits,
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we guns
that are built in two bits—'Tss ! 'Tss !
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an'
teaches 'im 'ow to behave ;
If a beggar can't march, why, we kil's 'im an'
rattles 'im into 'is grave.
You 've got to stand up to our [^]business an'
spring without snatchin' or fuss.
D' you say that you sweat with the field-guns ?
By God, you must lather with us—'Tss !
'Tss !
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

SCREW-GUNS

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's
a-moanin' below,
We 're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we 're
out on the rocks an' the snow,
An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what
carries away to the plains
The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the
jinglety jink o' the chains—'Tss ! 'Tss !
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

There 's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an'
a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,
An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as
a beggar can spit :
With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves,
an' the sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the
old gun in 'er place—'Tss ! 'Tss !
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,

I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mulc.

The monkey can say what our road was—the
wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.

Stand easy, you long-cared old darlin's! Out
drag-ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast—
'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the
screw-guns they all love you!

So when we take tea with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—
hoo! hoo!

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—
it's worse if you fights or you runs :
You may hide in the caves, they'll be only
your graves, but you can't get away
from the guns!

CELLS

I 'VE a head like a concertina : I've a tongue
like a button-stick :

I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more
than a little sick,

But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard :
I've made the cinders fly,

And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink
and blacking the Corporal's eye.

With a second-hand overcoat under my
head

And a beautiful view of the yard,

O it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For 'drunk and resisting the Guard !'

Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—

'Strewth, but I socked it them hard !

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

So it 's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B
For ' drunk and resisting the Guard.'

I started o' canteen porter, I finished o' canteen
beer,

But a dose o' gin that a mate slipped in, it was
that that brought me here.

'Twas that and an extry double Guard that
rubbed my nose in the dirt ;

But I fell away with the Corp'ral's stock and the
best of the Corp'ral's shirt.

I left my cap in a public-house, my boots in the
public road,

And Lord knows where, and I don't care, my belt
and my tunic goed ;

They 'll stop my pay, they 'll cut away the stripes
I used to wear,

But I left my mark on the Corp'ral's face, and I
think he 'll keep it there !

CELLS

My wife she cries on the barrack-gate, my kid in
the barrack-yard,
It ain't that I mind the Ord'ly room—it's *that*
that cuts so hard.
I'll take my oath before them both that I will
sure abstain,
But as soon as I'm in with a mate and gin, I
know I'll do it again !

With a second-hand overcoat under my
head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,
Yes, it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard !'
Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—
'Strewth, but I socked it them hard !
So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard.'

GUNGA DIN

YOU may talk o' gin and beer
When you 're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you 're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it ;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you 'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that 's
got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was 'Din ! Din ! Din !

' You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din !

GUNGA DIN

‘Hi! slippery *hitherao*!

‘Water, get it! *Panee lao*!’¹

‘You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din.’

The uniform ’e wore
Was nothin’ much before,
An’ rather less than ’arf o’ that be’ind,
For a piece o’ twisty rag
An’ a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment ’e could find.
When the sweatin’ troop-train lay
In a sidin’ through the day,
Where the ’eat would make your bloomin’ eye-
brows crawl,
We shouted ‘Harry By!’²
Till our throats were brickly-dry,
Then we wopped ’im ’cause ’e couldn’t serve us all.

It was ‘Din! Din! Din!

‘You ’eathen, where the mischief ’ave you been?

¹ Bring water swiftly.

² Mr. Atkins’s equivalent for ‘O brother.’

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

' You put some *juldec* ¹ in it
' Or I 'll *marrow* ² you this minute
' If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din ! '

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done ;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E 'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick ³ on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made ' Retire,'
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire !
It was ' Din ! Din ! Din ! '
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the
green.

¹ Be quick.

² Hit you.

³ Water-skin.

GUNGA DIN

When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-files shout,
'Hi ! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din !'

I shan't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a'
been.

I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green :
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I 've drunk,
I 'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was 'Din ! Din ! Din !

'Erc 's a beggar with a bullet through 'is
spleen ;

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

‘ ‘E ’s chawin’ up the ground,

‘ An’ ’c ’s kickin’ all around :

‘ For Gawd’s sake git the water, Gunga Din ! ’

‘E carried me away

To where a dooli lay,

An’ a bullet come an’ drilled the beggar clean.

‘E put me safe inside,

An’ just before ’c died,

‘ I ’ope you liked your drink,’ sez Gunga Din.

So I ’ll meet ’im later on

At the place where ’c is gone—

Where it ’s always double drill and no canteen ;

‘E ’ll be squattin’ on the coals

Givin’ drink to poor damned souls,

An’ I ’ll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din !

Yes, Din ! Din ! Din !

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din !

Though I ’ve belted you and flayed you,

By the livin’ Gawd that made you,

You ’re a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

OONT'S

(NORTHERN INDIA TRANSPORT TRAIN)

WOT makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot
makes 'im to perspire ?

It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to
fire ;

But it 's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat
load.

O the oont,¹ O the oont, O the commis-
sariat oont !

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a
basket full o' snakes ;

We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought
to 'ear 'im grunt,

An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is
blssed girth-rope breaks.

¹ Camel:—oo is pronounced like u in 'bull,' but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with 'front.'

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when
night is drorin' in,

An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin ?
It ain't the chanst o' being rushed by Paythans
from the 'ills,

It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is
bloomin' frills !

O the oont, O the oont, O the hairy scary
oont !

A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've
got the night alarm !

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an'
'eads 'im off in front,

An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life
'e chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock 's but
a fool,

The elephant 's a gentleman, the battery-mule 's
a mule ;

OONTS

But the commissariat cam-u-cl, when all is said
an' done,

'E 's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-for-
saken oont !

The lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin'
where 'e lies,

'E 's blocked the whole division from the
rear-guard to the front,

An' when we get him up again—the
beggar goes an' dies !

'E 'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight—'e smells
most awful vile ;

'E 'll lose 'isself for ever if you let 'im stray a
mile ;

'E 's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the
'ole night through,

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground \ splits
'isself in two.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

O the oont, O the oont, O the floppin',
droppin' oont !

When 'is long legs give from under an'
'is meltin' eye is dim,

The tribes is up be'ind us, and the tribes
is out in front—

It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it 's
kites an' crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done, an' when the
roads is blind,

An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the
shots be'ind,

Ho ! then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes
is past :

'E thinks on us that used 'im so, and gets revenge
at last.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floatin',
bloatin' oont !

OONTS

The late lamented camel in the water-
cut 'e lies ;

We keeps a mile be'ind 'im an' we keeps a
mile in front,

But 'e gets into the drinkin'-casks, and
then o' course we dies.

LOOT

IF you 've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the
keeper's back,

If you 've ever snigged the washin' from the
line,

If you 've ever crammed a gander in your
bloomin' 'aversack,

You will understand this little song o' mine.

But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we
are debarred,

For the same with English morals does not suit.
(*Cornet* : Toot ! toot !)

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is
marchin' clobber

With the—

(*Chorus*) Loo ! loo ! Lulu ! lulu ! Loo ! loo !
Loot ! loot ! loot !

LOOT

Ow the loot !

Bloomin' loot !

That 's the thing to make the boys git
up an' shoot !

It 's the same with dogs an' men,

If you 'd make 'em come again

Clap 'em forward with a Loo ! loo !

Lulu ! Loot !

(ff) Whoopee ! Tear 'im, puppy ! Loo !

loo ! Lulu ! Loot ! loot ! loot !

If you 've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e 's
thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell ;
An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you didn't
feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury 'im as well.
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they
spade the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime ;

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

So if my song you 'll 'car, I will learn you plain
an' clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime.

(*Chorus*) With the loot, . . .

Now remember when you 're 'acking round a
gilded Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones ;

An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-
rod

'E 's like to show you everything 'e owns.

When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some
water on the floor

Where you 'car it answer 'ollow to the boot

(*Cornet* : Toot ! toot !)—

When the ground begins to sink, shove your
baynick down the chink,

An' you 're sure to touch the—

(*Chorus*) Loo ! loo ! Lulu ! Loot ! loot ! loot !

Ow the loot ! . . .

LOOT

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you 're 'unting, you
must always work in pairs—

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find—
For a single man gets bottled on them twisty-
wisty stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobb 'im from
be'ind.

When you 've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems
beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute
(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)—

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ousetops take
a look,

For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the
loot.

(*Chorus*) Ow the loot! . . .

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quarter-
master too,

If you only take the proper way to go ;

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned
you all I knew—

An' don't you never say I told you so.

An' now I 'll bid good-byc, for I 'm gettin' rather
dry

An' I see another tunin' up to toot

(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)—

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the
Widow's clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!

(*Chorus*) Yes, the loot,

Bloomin' loot!

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you 'd make 'em come again

(*fff*) Whoop 'em forward with a Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

‘SNARLEYOW’

THIS 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the
corps

Which is first among the women an' amazin' first
in war ;

An' what the bloomin' battle was I don't remem-
ber now,

But Two 's off-lead 'e answered to the name o'
Snarleyow.

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares ;
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears ;
But down in the lead with the wheel at
the flog

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little
whipped dog !

They was movin' into action, they was needed
very sore,

To learn a little schoolin' to a native army corps,

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was
tuckin' down the brow,
When a tricky, trundlin' roundshot give the
knock to *Snarleyow*.

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost
tore in two—
But he tried to follow after as a well-trained
'orse should do ;
'E went an' fouled the limber, an' the Driver's
Brother squeals :
' Pull up, pull up for *Snarleyow*—'is head 's be-
tween 'is 'eels ! '

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels
was goin' round,
An' there ain't no ' Stop, conductor ! ' when a
batt'ry 's changin' ground ;
Scz 'e : ' I broke the beggar in, an' very sad I feels,
' But I couldn't pull up, not for *you*—your 'ead
between your 'eels ! '

‘SNARLEYOW’

‘E ‘adn’t ‘ardly spoke the word, before a droppin’
shell

A littleright the batt’ryan’ between the sections fell;
An’ when the smoke ‘ad cleared away, before the
limber wheels,

There lay the Driver’s Brother with ‘is ‘ead
between ‘is ‘eels.

Then sez the Driver’s Brother, an’ ‘is words was
very plain,

‘For Gawd’s own sake get over me, an’ put me
out o’ pain.’

They saw ‘is wounds was mortal, an’ they
judged that it was best,

So they took an’ drove the limber straight across
‘is back an’ chest.

The Driver ‘e give nothin’ ‘cept a little coughin’
grunt,

But ‘e swung ‘is ‘orses ‘andsome when it came to
‘Action Front!’

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your
Monday head
'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case begun
to spread.

The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen :
You 'avn't got no families when servin' of the
Queen—

You 'avn't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives,
or sons—

If you want to win your battles take an' work
your bloomin' guns !

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares ;
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears ;
But down in the lead with the wheel at
the flog
Turns the bold Bombardier to a little
whipped dog !

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

'AVE you 'card o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead ?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.
(Ow, poor beggars in red !)
There 's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,
There 's 'er mark on the medical stores—
An' 'er troopers you 'll find with a fair wind
be'ind
That takes us to various wars.
(Poor beggars !—barbarious wars !)
Then 'ere 's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' 'ere 's to the stores an' the guns,
The men an' the 'orses what makes up
the forces
O' Missis Victorier's sons.
(Poor beggars ! Victorier's sons !)

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,

For 'alf o' Creation she owns :

We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an'
the flame,

An' we 've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars !—it 's blue with our bones !)

Hands off o' the sons o' the Widow,

Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,

For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors
frown

When the Widow at Windsor says ' Stop ' !

(Poor beggars !—we 're sent to say ' Stop ' !)

Then 'ere 's to the Lodge o' the Widow,

From the Pole to the Tropics it
runs—

To the Lodge that we tile with the rank
an' the file,

An' open in form with the guns.

(Poor beggars !—it 's always they
guns !)

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

We 'ave 'card o' the Widow at Windsor,

It 's safest to let 'er alone :

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land

Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars !—an' don't we get blown !)

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',

An' flop round the earth till you 're dead ;

But you won't get away from the tune that they
play

To the bloomin' old rag over'cad.

(Poor beggars !—it 's 'ot over'cad !)

Then 'ere 's to the sons o' the Widow,

Wherever, 'owever they roam.

'Ere 's all they desire, an' if they require

A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Poor beggars !—they 'll never see
'ome !)

BELTS

THERE was a row in Silver Street that 's near
to Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree ;
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark :
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last
forninst the Park.

For it was :—' Belts, belts, belts, an'
that 's one for you ! '

An' it was ' Belts, belts, belts, an' that 's
done for you ! '

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park !

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments
was out,

They called us ' Delhi Rebels,' an' we answered
' Threes about ! '

BELTS

That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met
them good an' large,
The English at the double an' the Irish at the
charge.

Then it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in it
too ;

We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts
went whirraru !

I misremember what occurred, but subsequent
the storm

A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* was all my
uniform.

O it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent the
Polis there,

The English were too drunk to know, the Irish
didn't care ;

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous
rose,

Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was
tatthered clo'es.

For it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha'
raged till now,

But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' nobody
knew how ;

'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped ; we
saw the red blood run :

An' so we all was murderers that started out in
fun.

While it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—but that put
down the shine,

Wid each man whisperin' to his next : ' 'Twas
never work o' mine ! '

BELTS

We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the
street we bore him,
The poor dumb corpse that couldn't tell the bhoys
were sorry for him.

When it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—it isn't over
yet,
For half of us are under guard wid punishments
to get ;
'Tis all a merricle to me as in the Clink I lie :
There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I
wonder why !

But it was :—' Belts, belts, belts, an'
that 's one for you ! '

An' it was ' Belts, belts, belts, an' that 's
done for you ! '

O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's down to the Park !

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

WHEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to
the East

'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased

Ere 'e 's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

So-oldier of the Queen !

Now all you recruities what 's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I 'll sing you a soldier as far as I may

A soldier what 's fit for a soldier.

Fit, fit, fit for a soldier . . .

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

First mind you steer clear o' the grog-seller's huts,
For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out
your guts—

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your
butts—

An' it's bad for the young British Soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier . . .

When the cholera comes—as it will past a doubt—
Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,
For the sickness gets in as the liquor dies out,

An' it crumples the young British soldier.

Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier . . .

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead :
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said :
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e 'll knock you down
dead,

An' you 'll die like a fool of a soldier.

Fool, fool, fool of a soldier . . .

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

If you 're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor blind;
Be handy and civil, and then you will find

That it's beer for the young British
soldier.

Beer, beer, beer for the soldier . . .

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told,
For beauty won't help if your rations is cold,

Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.

'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier . . .

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loth
To shoot when you catch 'em—you 'll swing, on
my oath!—

Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er: that 's Hell for
them both,

An' you 're shut o' the curse of a soldier.

Curse, curse, curse of a soldier . . .

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

When first under fire an' you 're wishful to duck,
Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is
struck,

Be thankful you 're livin', and trust to your luck
And march to your front like a soldier.

Front, front, front like a soldier . . .

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch ;
She 's human as you are—you treat her as sich,
An' she 'll fight for the young British
soldier.

Fight, fight, fight for the soldier . . .

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine,
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line,
Shoot low at the limbers an' don't mind the
shine,

For noise never startles the soldier.

Start-, start-, startles the soldier . . .

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look
white,

Remember it's ruin to run from a fight :

So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,

And wait for supports like a soldier.

Wait, wait, wait like a soldier . . .

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's
plains,

And the women come out to cut up what remains,

Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains

An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

So-oldier *of* the Queen !

MANDALAY

BY the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' east-
ward to the sea,
There 's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she
thinks o' me ;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-
bells they say :
'Come you back, you British soldier ; come you
back to Mandalay !'
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay :
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
from Rangoon to Mandalay ?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay !

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was
green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as
Thecbaw's Queen,

An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white
cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'cathen idol's
foot :

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd
Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I
kissed 'er where she stud !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun
was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing '*Kulla-
lo-lo !*'

MANDALAY

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er check agin
my check

We uscter watch the steamers an' the *hathis*
pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, sjudgy creak,

Where the silence 'ung that 'cavy you was
'arf afraid to speak !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that 's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
away,

An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank
to Mandalay ;

An' I 'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-
year soldier tells :

' If you 've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't
never 'eed naught else.'

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

No ! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an'
the tinkly temple-bells ;
On the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-
stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakcs the fever
in my bones ;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsca
to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they
understand ?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law ! wot do they understand ?
I 've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land !
On the road to Mandalay . . .

MANDALAY

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best
is like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a
man can raise a thirst ;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there
that I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at
the sea ;

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when
we went to Mandalay !

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay !

TROOPIN'

(OUR ARMY IN THE EAST)

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea :
'Ere 's September come again—the six-
year men are free.

O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come
away

To where the ship 's a-coalin' up that takes us
'ome to-day.

We 're goin' 'ome, we 're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is at the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you gricve for me,

My lovclly Mary-Ann,

For I 'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

'TROOPIN'

The Malabar 's in 'arbour with the Jumner at 'er
tail,

An' the time-expired 's waitin' of 'is orders for
to sail.

Ho! the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay,
But the time-expired 's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome
to-day.

They 'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold
an' wet an' rain,

All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not
complain ;

They 'll kill us of pneumonia—for that 's their
little way—

But damn the chills and fever, men, we 're goin'
'ome to-day !

Troopin', troopin', winter 's 'round again !

See the new draf 's pourin' in for the old cam-
paign ;

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

Ho, you poor recruits, but you 've got to earn
your pay—

What's the last from Lunnun, lads? We're
goin' there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer—

'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English
beer.

The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who 've got
to stay,

Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle—Whoop! we're
goin' 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ships is at the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Ann,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

THE WIDOW'S PARTY

‘ **W**HERE have you been this while away,
‘ Johnnie, Johnnie ? ’

Out with the rest on a picnic lay,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

They called us out of the barrack-yard

To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,

And you can't refuse when you get the card,

And the Widow gives the party.

(*Bugle : Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara !*)

‘ What did you get to eat and drink,

‘ Johnnie, Johnnie ? ’

Standing water as thick as ink,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

A bit o' beef that were three year stored,

A bit o' mutton as tough as a board,

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

And a fowl we killed with a sergeant's sword,
When the Widow give the party.

‘What did you do for knives and forks,
‘Johnnie, Johnnie?’

We carries ’em with us wherever we walks,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

And some was sliced and some was halved,
And some was crimped and some was carved,
And some was gutted and some was starved,
When the Widow give the party.

‘What ha’ you done with half your mess,
‘Johnnie, Johnnie?’

They couldn’t do more and they wouldn’t do less,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

They ate their whack and they drank their fill,
And I think the rations has made them ill,
For half my comp’ny’s lying still
Where the Widow give the party.

THE WIDOW'S PARTY

' How did you get away—away,

' Johnnie, Johnnie ? '

On the broad o' my back at the end o' the day,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

I comed away like a bleedin' toff,

For I got four niggers to carry me off,

As I lay in the bight of a canvas trough,

When the Widow give the party.

' What was the end of all the show,

' Johnnie, Johnnie ? '

Ask my Colonel, for I don't know,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

We broke a King and we built a road—

A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed.

And the river 's clean where the raw blood flowed

When the Widow give the party.

(*Bugle* : Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara !)

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

KABUL town 's by Kabul river—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

There I lef' my mate for ever,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

There 's the river up and brimmin', an'

there 's 'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the
dark.

Kabul town 's a blasted place—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face

Wet an' drippin' by the ford !

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !
Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an'
they will surely guide you
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
I 'd ha' sooner drowned fust
'Stead of 'im beside the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !
You can 'car the 'orses threshin', you can
'car the men a-splashin',
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
I 'd ha' left it for 'is sake—
'Im that left me by the ford.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !
It 's none so bloomin' dry there ; ain't you
never comin' nigh there,
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark ?

Kabul town 'll go to hell—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
'Fore I see him 'live an' well—
'Im the best beside the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their
boots 'll pull 'em under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,
Down an' drowned by the ford.

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

There 's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't
no use o' callin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

TO the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of
the damned,

To my brethren in their sorrow overseas,
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred,
machinely crammed,

And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.
Yes, a trooper of the forces who has run his own
six horses,

And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held
the ready tin,

But to-day the Sergeant's something less than
kind.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our
way,

Baa ! Baa ! Baa !

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

We 're little black sheep who 've gone
astray,

Baa—aa—aa !

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa ! Yah ! Bah !

Oh, it 's sweet to sweat through stables, sweet to
empty kitchen slops,

And it 's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regi-
mental hops

And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.
Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be ' Rider ' to
your troop,

And branded with a blasted worsted spur,
When you envy, O how keenly, one poor Tommy
being cleanly

Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls
you ' Sir.'

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

If the home we never write to, and the oaths we
never keep,

And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break
our sleep,

Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer ?
When the drunken comrade mutters and the great
guard-lantern gutters

And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching white-
washed ceiling,

Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from
pain ?

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are
lost to Love and Truth,

We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure
of our youth.

God help us, for we knew the worst too young !

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that
brought the sentence,

Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien
turf enfolds us

And we die, and none can tell Them where we
died.

We 're poor little lambs who 've lost our
way,

Baa ! Baa ! Baa !

We 're little black sheep who 've gone
astray,

Baa—aa—aa !

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity.

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa ! Yah ! Bah !

ROUTE MARCHIN'

WE 'RE marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny
plains,

A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind
the Rains ;

Ho ! get away you bullock-man, you 've 'card
the bugle blowed,

There 's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand
Trunk Road ;

With its best foot first

And the road a-sliding past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground ex-
actly like the last ;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is ' *rowdy-dowdy-dow !* '—

' *Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy*
jow ? ' ¹

¹ Why don't you get on ?

ROUTE MARCHIN'

Oh, there 's them Injian temples to admire when
you see,

There 's the peacock round the corner an' the
monkey up the tree,

An' there 's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in
the wind,

An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-
sling be'ind.

While it 's best foot first, . . .

At half-past five 's Revelly, an' our tents they
down must come,

Like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick
'em up at 'ome.

But it 's over in a minute, an' at six the column
starts,

While the women and the kiddies sit an' shiver
in the carts.

An' it 's best foot first, . . .

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

Oh, then it 's open order, an' we lights our pipes
an' bings,

An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other
things,

An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we
wonders what they 're at,

An' 'ow they would admire for to hear us sling
the *bat*.¹

An' it 's best foot first, . . .

It 's none so bad o' Sunday, when you 're lyin'
at your case,

To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them feather-
'eaded trees,

For although there ain't no women, yet there
ain't no barrick-yards,

So the oficers goes shootin' an' the men they
plays at cards.

'Till it 's best foot first, . . .

¹ Language. Thomas's first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the sign-language.

ROUTE MARCHIN'

So 'ark an' 'ced, you rookies, which is always
grumblin' sore,

There 's worser things than marchin' from Um-
balla to Cawnpore ;

An' if your 'eels are blistered an' they feels to 'urt
like 'ell,

You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will
make 'em well.

For it 's best foot first, . . .

We 're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral
strand,

Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel,
and the Band ;

Ho ! get away you bullock-man, you 've 'eard
the bugle blowed,

There 's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand
Trunk Road ;

With its best foot first

And the road a-sliding past,

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground ex-
actly like the last ;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is '*rowdy-dowdy-dow !*'—

'*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy*
jow ?'

SHILLIN' A DAY

MY name is O'Kclly, I 've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to
Lahore,
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all endin' in ' pore.'
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and
the thickness,
Of sorrow and sickness I 've known on my way,
But I 'm old and I 'm nervis,
I 'm cast from the Service,
And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.

(Chorus) Shillin' a day,

Bloomin' good pay—

Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day !

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,
When we rode Hell-for-leather
Both squadrons together,
That didn't care whether we lived or we died.
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'
An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better,
So if me you be'old
In the wet and the cold,
By the Grand Mctropold won't you give me a
letter?

(*Full chorus*) Give 'im a letter—

'Can't do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an'—
runs with a letter!
Think what 'e 's been,
Think what 'e 's seen,
Think of his pension an'—

GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN

OTHER VERSES

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*O*H, *East is East, and West is West, and never*
the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat ;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they
come from the ends of the earth !

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the
Borderside,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride :

THE BALLAD OF

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between
the dawn and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides :

' Is there never a man of all my men can say
where Kamal hides ? '

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of
the Ressaldar :

' If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye
know where his pickets are.

' At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is
into Bonair,

' But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own
place to fare,

' So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird
can fly,

' By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he
win to the Tongue of Jagai.

EAST AND WEST

‘ But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right
swiftly turn ye then,

‘ For the length and the breadth of that grisly
plain is sown with Kamal’s men.

‘ There is rock to the left, and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,

‘ And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where
never a man is seen.’

The Colonel’s son has taken a horse, and a raw
rough dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell
and the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel’s son to the Fort has won, they bid
him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits
not long at his meat.

He’s up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as
he can fly,

Till he was aware of his father’s mare in the gut
of the Tongue of Jagai,

THE BALLAD OF

Till he was aware of his father's mare with
Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the
whistling ball went wide.
'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show
now if ye can ride.'
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown
dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare
like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged
his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as
a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho'
never a man was seen.

EAST AND WEST

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky,
their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the
mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful
heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
room was there to strive,
‘ ’Twas only by favour of mine,’ quoth he, ‘ ye
rode so long alive :
‘ There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was
not a clump of tree,
‘ But covered a man of my own men with his
rifle cocked on his knee.
‘ If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held
it low,
‘ The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting
all in a row :

THE BALLAD OF

‘ If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have
held it high,

‘ The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
till she could not fly.’

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son : ‘ Do good
to bird and beast,

‘ But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast.

‘ If there should follow a thousand swords to
carry my bones away,

‘ Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more
than a thief could pay.

‘ They will feed their horse on the standing crop,
their men on the garnered grain,

‘ The thatch of the byres will serve their fires
when all the cattle are slain.

‘ But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy
brethren wait to sup,

‘ The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl,
dog, and call them up !

EAST AND WEST

‘ And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer
and gear and stack,

‘ Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll
fight my own way back ! ’

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.

‘ No talk shall be of dogs,’ said he, ‘ when wolf
and grey wolf meet.

‘ May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed
or breath ;

‘ What dam of lances brought thee forth to joust
at the dawn with Death ? ’

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son : ‘ I hold by
the blood of my clan :

‘ *Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God,*
she has carried a man ! ’

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled
against his breast ;

‘ We be two strong men,’ said Kamal then, ‘ but
she loveth the younger best.

THE BALLAD OF

‘ So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my tur-
quoise-studded rein,

‘ My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver
stirrups twain.’

The Colonel’s son a pistol drew and held it
muzzle-end,

‘ Ye have taken the one from a foe,’ said he;
‘ will ye take the mate from a friend ? ’

‘ A gift for a gift,’ said Kamal straight ; ‘ a limb
for the risk of a limb.

‘ Thy father has sent his son to me, I’ll send my
son to him ! ’

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped
from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he
looked like a lance in rest.

‘ Now here is thy master,’ Kamal said, ‘ who
leads a troop of the Guides,

‘ And thou must ride at his left side as shield on
shoulder rides.

EAST AND WEST

- ‘Till Death or I cut loose the tic, at camp and
board and bed,
‘Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with
thy head.
‘So, thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and
all her foes are thine,
‘And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the
peace of the Border-line,
‘And thou must make a trooper tough and hack
thy way to power—
‘Belike they will raise thee to Recessalder when
I am hanged in Peshawur.’

They have looked each other between the eyes,
and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-
Blood on leavened bread and salt :
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-
Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,

THE BALLAD OF

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife,
and the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's
boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with
the blood of the mountaineer.

'Ha' done ! ha' done !' said the Colonel's son.

'Put up the steel at your sides !

'Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—
to-night 'tis a man of the Guides !'

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat ;*

EAST AND WEST

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they
come from the ends of the earth !*

THE LAST SUTTEE

Not many years ago a King died in one of the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against Suttee, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them, disguised as the King's favourite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There, her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.

UDAI CHAND lay sick to death
In his hold by Gungra hill.
All night we heard the death-gongs ring
For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,
All night beat up from the women's wing
A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,
The lords of the outer guard :

THE LAST SUTTEE

All night the cressets glimmered pale
On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jczail,
Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,
That clinked in the palace yard.

In the Golden room on the palace roof
All night he fought for air :
And there was sobbing behind the screen,
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen
On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn—the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scars :
And wail upon wail went up to the stars
Behind the grim zenana-bars,
When they knew that the King was
dead.

THE LAST SUTTEE

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth

And robe him for the pyre.

The Boondi Queen beneath us cried :

‘ See, now, that we die as our mothers died

‘ In the bridal-bed by our master’s side !

‘ Out, women !—to the fire ! ’

We drove the great gates home apace :

White hands were on the sill :

But ere the rush of the unseen feet

Had reached the turn to the open street,

The bars shot down, the guard-drum beat—

We held the dovecot still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,

And laughing spoke from the wall :

‘ Ohé, they mourn here : let me by—

‘ Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I !

‘ When the house is rotten, the rats must fly

‘ And I seek another thrall.

THE LAST SUTTEE

‘ For I ruled the King as ne’er did Queen,—
 ‘ To-night the Queens rule me !
‘ Guard them safely, but let me go,
‘ Or ever they pay the debt they owe
‘ In scourge and torture ! ’ She leaped below,
 And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul
 On a North-bred dancing-girl :
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,
And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,
And doomed to death at her drunken nod,
 And swore by her lightest curl.

We bore the King to his fathers’ place,
 Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand :
Where the grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen
On fretted pillar and jewelled screen,
And the wild boar couch in the house of the Queen
 On the drift of the desert sand.

THE LAST SUTTEE

The herald read his titles forth,
 We set the logs aglow :
‘ Friend of the English, free from fear,
‘ Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,
‘ Lord of the Desert of Bikaner,
 ‘ King of the Jungle,—go ! ’

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
 With wavering wind-tossed spears :
And out of a shattered temple crept
A woman who veiled her head and wept,
And called on the King—but the great King slept,
 And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife—
 Cold fear with hot desire—
When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
And thrice she beat her breast for shame,
And thrice like a wounded dove she came
 And moaned about the fire.

THE LAST SUTTEE

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,
The silent streets between,
Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,
To blade in ambush or boar at bay,
And he was a baron old and grey,
And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He said : ‘ O shameless, put aside
‘ The veil upon thy brow !
‘ Who held the King and all his land
‘ To the wanton will of a harlot’s hand !
‘ Will the white ash rise from the blistered brand ?
‘ Stoop down, and call him now ! ’

Then she : ‘ By the faith of my tarnished soul,
‘ All things I did not well,
‘ I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,
‘ And lay me down by my master’s side
‘ To rule in Heaven his only bride,
‘ While the others howl in Hell.

THE LAST SUTTEE

‘ But I have felt the fire’s breath,
 ‘ And hard it is to die ;
‘ Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord
‘ To sully the steel of a Thakur’s sword
‘ With base-born blood of a trade abhorred,’—
 And the Thakur answered, ‘ Ay.’

He drew and struck : the straight blade drank
 The life beneath the breast.
‘ I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
‘ But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame—
‘ Sister of mine, pass, free from shame,
 ‘ Pass with thy King to rest ! ’

The black log crashed above the white :
 The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
 On the heart of—the Boondi Queen !

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

*ABDHUR RAHMAN, the Durani Chief,
of him is the story told.*

*His mercy fills the Khyber hills—his grace is
manifold ;*

*He has taken toll of the North and the South
—his glory reacheth far,*

*And they tell the tale of his charity from
Balkh to Kandahar.*

Before the old Peshawur Gate, where Kurd and
Kaffir meet,

The Governor of Kabul dealt the Justice of the
Street,

And that was strait as running noose and swift
as plunging knife,

Tho' he who held the longer purse might hold
the longer life.

THE BALLAD OF

There was a hound of Hindustan had struck a
Euzufzai,

Wherefore they spat upon his face and led him
out to die.

It chanced the King went forth that hour when
throat was bared to knife ;

The Kaffir grovelled under-hoof and clamoured
for his life.

Then said the King : ‘ Have hope, O friend !
Yea, Death disgraced is hard ;

‘ Much honour shall be thine ; ’ and called the
Captain of the Guard,

Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-babble
saith,

And he was honoured of the King—the which is
salt to Death ;

And he was son of Daoud Shah, the Reiver of
the Plains,

THE KING'S MERCY

And blood of old Durani Lords ran fire in his
veins ;
And 'twas to tame an Afghan pride nor Hell nor
Heaven could bind,
The King would make him butcher to a yelping
cur of Hind.

'Strike!' said the King. 'King's blood art
thou—his death shall be his pride !'
Then louder, that the crowd might catch : 'Fear
not—his arms are tied !'
Yar Khan drew clear the Khyber knife, and
struck, and sheathed again.
'O man, thy will is done,' quoth he ; 'A King
this dog hath slain.'

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to the
North and the South is sold.*

*The North and the South shall open their
mouth to a Ghilzai flag unrolled,*

THE BALLAD OF

*When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak,
and his dog-Heratis fly :
Ye have heard the song—How long? How
long? Wolves of the Abazai !*

That night before the watch was set, when all
the streets were clear,
The Governor of Kabul spoke : ‘ My King, hast
thou no fear ?
‘ Thou knowest—thou hast heard,’—his speech
died at his master’s face.
And grimly said the Afghan King : ‘ I rule the
Afghan race.
‘ My path is mine—see thou to thine—to-night
upon thy bed
‘ Think who there be in Kabul now that clamour
for thy head.’

That night when all the gates were shut to City
and to throne,

THE KING'S MERCY

Within a little garden house the King lay down
alone.

Before the sinking of the moon, which is the
Night of Night,

Yar Khan came softly to the King to make his
honour white.

The children of the town had mocked beneath
his horse's hoofs,

The harlots of the town had hailed him
'butcher!' from their roofs.

But as he groped against the wall, two hands
upon him fell,

The King behind his shoulder spake: 'Dead
man, thou dost not well!

'Tis ill to jest with Kings by day and seek a
boon by night;

'And that thou bearest in thy hand is all too
sharp to write.

'But three days hence, if God be good, and if
thy strength remain,

THE BALLAD OF

‘Thou shalt demand one boon of me and bless
me in thy pain.

‘For I am merciful to all, and most of all to
thee.

‘My butcher of the shambles, rest—no knife
hast thou for me !’

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, holds
hard by the South and the North ;*

*But the Ghilzai knows, ere the melting snows,
when the swollen banks break forth,*

*When the red-coats crawl to the sungar wall,
and his Usbeg lances fail :*

*Ye have heard the song—How long ? How
long ? Wolves of the Zuka Kheyl !*

They stoned him in the rubbish-field when dawn
was in the sky,

According to the written word, ‘See that he do
not die.’

THE KING'S MERCY

They stoned him till the stones were piled above
him on the plain,
And those the labouring limbs displaced they
tumbled back again.

One watched beside the dreary mound that
veiled the battered thing,
And him the King with laughter called the
Herald of the King.

It was upon the second night, the night of
Ramazan,
The watcher leaning earthward heard the mes-
sage of Yar Khan.
From shattered breast through shrivelled lips
broke forth the rattling breath,
'Creature of God, deliver me from agony of
Death.'

They sought the King among his girls, and
risked their lives thereby :

THE BALLAD OF

‘Protector of the Pitiful, give orders that he
die !’

‘Bid him endure until the day,’ a lagging answer
came ;

‘The night is short, and he can pray and learn
to bless my name.’

Before the dawn three times he spoke, and on the
day once more :

‘Creature of God, deliver me, and bless the King
therefor !’

They shot him at the morning prayer, to ease
him of his pain,

And when he heard the matchlocks clink, he
blessed the King again.

Which thing the singers made a song for all
the world to sing,

So that the Outer Seas may know the mercy of
the King.

THE KING'S MERCY

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him
is the story told,*

*He has opened his mouth to the North and the
South, they have stuffed his mouth with
gold.*

*Ye know the truth of his tender ruth—and
sweet his favours are :*

*Ye have heard the song—How long? How
long? from Balkh to Kandahar.*

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

WHEN spring-time flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber
Pass.

Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose ;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled ;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road ;

THE KING'S JEST

And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale ;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food ;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood ;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reck of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahbub Ali the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,
' Better is speech when the belly is fed.'
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah ! he knoweth not bad from good.

THE BALLAD OF

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.

Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and Horses and Power and War.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword
And a grey-coat guard on the Helmund ford.
Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
Quoth he : ‘ Of the Russians who can say ?
‘ When the night is gathering all is grey.
‘ But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
‘ In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
‘ Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
‘ To warn a King of his enemies ?
‘ We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,

THE KING'S JEST

- ' But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
' That unsought counsel is cursed of God
' Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.
- ' His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
' His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen ;
' And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
' For he carried the curse of an unstanch'd
speech.
- ' Therewith madness—so that he sought
' The favour of kings at the Kabul court ;
' And travelled, in hope of honour, far
' To the line where the grey-coat squadrons are.
' There have I journeyed too—but I
' Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die !
' He heark'd to rumour, and snatch'd at a breath
' Of " this one knoweth " and " that one saith,"—
' Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
' Of a grey-coat coming, and sack of the South.
' These have I also heard—they pass

THE BALLAD OF

- ‘ With each new spring and the winter grass.
‘ Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
‘ Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
‘ Even to Kabul—in full durbar
‘ The King held talk with his Chief in War.
‘ Into the press of the crowd he broke,
‘ And what he had heard of the coming spoke.
- ‘ Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
‘ As a mother might on a babbling child ;
‘ But those who would laugh restrained their
 breath,
‘ When the face of the King showed dark as
 death.
- ‘ Evil it is in full durbar
‘ To cry to a ruler of gathering war !
‘ Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
‘ That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
‘ And he said to the boy : “ They shall praise
 thy zeal

THE KING'S JEST

- ' " So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
' " And the Russ is upon us even now ?
' " Great is thy prudence—await them, thou.
' " Watch from the tree. Thou art young and
strong,
' " Surely thy vigil is not for long.
' " The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran ?
' " Surely an hour shall bring their van.
' " Wait and watch. When the host is near,
' " Shout aloud that my men may hear."
- ' Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
' To warn a King of his enemies ?
' A guard was set that he might not flee—
' A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
' The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
' When he shook at his death as he looked below.
' By the power of God, who alone is great,
' Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.
' Then madness took him, and men declare

THE KING'S JEST

' He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
' And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
' And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,
' And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
' And he fell, and was caught on the points and
died.

' Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
' To warn a King of his enemies ?
' We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
' But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
' Of the grey-coat coming who can say ?
' When the night is gathering all is grey.
' Two things greater than all things are,
' The first is Love, and the second War.
' And since we know not how War may prove,
' Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love ! '

